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2. The meal consists of three different substances:

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|---|----------|
| 1. Starch or fecula, | 17 to 15 |
| 2. Leafy or fibrous matter, | 9 to 8 |
| 3. Extract or soluble mucilage, | 6 to 5 |
| | — — |
| | 32 28 |

3. The potatoe-root contains also potash, or vegetable alkali. By estimation, there were ten grains of it in its mild state from 1000 grains of the root; but as of these ten grains, not less than two and a half were carbonic acid, or fixed air, produced during burning, we cannot reckon the quantity of this alkali more than seven grains and a half in 1000 of the root; that is, three-fourths of a grain per cent.

4. The ashes of 1000 grains of potatoe-root, afforded also seven grains and a half, or three-fourths of a grain per cent, of substances not examined, but which are very probably the same substances afforded by the ashes of vegetable matters in general; namely oxide or calx of iron, and of manganese, phosphoric acid united to lime, magnesia and muriate of soda, or common salt.

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For the Belfust Monthly Magazine.
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“EVERY THING DEPENDS ON THE MANNER.”

A Tale from the Spanish.

A PAINTER of considerable ability in his profession, took up his residence in Toledo, with a prospect of making his fortune. His chief excellence consisted in painting on canvas; his works were admirable for the variety of the subjects, the correctness of design, the vivacity of his tints, and the freedom of his pencil; with all this he was poor. Whenever he had finished a painting, on the sale of which he reckoned with confidence, he exposed it to the view of the virtuosi, who loaded him with praises, crowds came to visit him, and heaped the starving painter with eulogiums; but their kindness terminated here; no person ever thought of demanding the prices of his *chef d'œuvres*.

In this situation of his affairs, ready to perish with hunger in spite of all his talents, he discovered that a Frenchman of his own profession, resided in the same neighbourhood; he

soon contrived to become acquainted with him, and discovered that this stranger, who contrived to pick up a decent livelihood, was possessed of but moderate talents, which he employed in sketching indifferent pictures, that cost him little trouble in the execution, and which he disposed of at a good price. His usual subjects were extracted from the history of Amadis of Gaul, St. George and the Dragon, St. Alexis or St. Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins. The Spaniard soon became sensible of his error, in following his own taste, in preference to that of the public, and how much more beneficial it would be to him to conform to that of his customers; he profited by this reflection, and without persisting in the prosecution of his *chef d'œuvres* he set himself to work at compositions which might be more profitable, though less conducive to his reputation. There was not an honest peasant, around the country, who did not come to purchase from him, and the profits of this trade enabled him to subsist, while at his leisure he could apply himself to the painting of such pictures as might confer honour on his abilities, and which his independent situation secured him from disposing of under their value; he was grateful to the Frenchman for his advice, who frequently inculcated to him the maxim, “*Mon ami, tout depend de la maniere.*”

I shall add two instances more, to confirm the truth of this maxim...: The first shall be brief; I have had it from Lopez de Vega. There was a farmer who, without ever learning to read or write, had, nevertheless, acquired a complete knowledge of the whole business of agriculture, but was withal so poorly instructed in the principles of his religion, that he could not even repeat by art, the apostolic symbols. The *Curé* of the parish on being informed of his state of ignorance, refused to administer the sacrament to him, till he had learned them correctly. The honest farmer, who anxiously wished to be extricated from this unpleasant dilemma, after many serious deliberations on the subject, at length hit upon the following means of recovering the favour of his *Curé*.

Within a short distance of his house

was a schoolmaster. Every evening and morning, as the children were coming out of school, he placed himself before the door, and showing them a small piece of money, he promised to give it as a reward to him who should repeat the apostolic symbols with the greatest correctness. Each was anxious for the prize, and by making them repeat it one after another, and paying attention to the continued repetition, he contrived to learn it himself, and succeeded in exciting the admiration of his *Curé* for the correctness with which he recited it, and the manner he had devised in order to accomplish his object.

The other example which I have promised, requires a more extended detail than the two former. I hope, however, that my reader will consider the length of the narration sufficiently relieved by the interest of it.

A lady who dwelt in Cadiz, one day quitted her house, with the intention of taking a walk along the sea-shore, as a means of dissipating in this solitude the anxious thoughts which continually disturbed her mind, and which she dared not confide to another. She had left her carriage at a considerable distance from her, together with her two female attendants whom she ordered to remain behind, and who were unable to conjecture the cause of the disquietude to which their mistress had so completely abandoned herself.

Polydora (such was the name of the lady) was amusing herself looking on the sea, which was terribly agitated; between the waves, which rose and sunk alternately, she observed something successively appear and disappear before her eyes; as the object approached the part of the shore whither it had been driven by the waves, she discovered it to be a young man who was embracing a plank, and who was by this feeble aid supporting himself against the assaults of the sea, which every instant threatened to swallow him up. She was touched at his situation, and felt herself so much excited by compassion, that, without perceiving it, she was on the point of rushing into the water, to tender him her assistance. While she was offering up prayers to heaven for his preservation, he gained the shore, and appeared

less dejected with the fatigue of struggling so long against the waves, than with a sadness which was painted on his countenance, on beholding the difficulty with which Polydora recovered from the agitation which she felt for his fate.

The instant he appeared before Polydora, he could scarcely repress his desire of speaking to her, so much was he disturbed and agitated at the sight of her; an embarrassment which she naturally attributed to his consideration of the forlorn state in which the shipwreck had involved him. Knowing no person, unknown, and without resources in a foreign country, she hastened to offer him some consolation, and by dint of examining him she thought she could trace in his features a likeness to one whose remembrance she still cherished. The reflections which she made within herself awakened a curiosity in her to be acquainted with his origin, whence he arrived, and the circumstances which exposed him to his recent perilous situation. The stranger, who had by this time recovered from the surprize which he felt at first seeing her, replied to her request to that effect in these terms: "I will, with pleasure, satisfy your curiosity, provided you permit me to put one question to you, ...I know not whether I am deceiving myself, but you bear a striking resemblance to a person for whose sake I have for three years endured all the rigours of fortune, and have triumphed over every difficulty and danger to which I have been exposed." Polydora in vain endeavoured to assume an unembarrassed air: spite of all her efforts, her eyes betrayed her, and a few tears which she endeavoured to no purpose to conceal, stole down her cheeks. "Seignior," she replied, "what you tell me is perfectly enigmatical to me, and though unacquainted with you, I must confess myself much interested in your misfortunes. Your destitute situation excites my compassion, and cannot prevent me from being convinced of your merit; I shall feel pleasure in having an opportunity of affording you every succour which your destitute situation requires."

The Cavalier was proceeding to

throw himself at the feet of the Lady to express his gratitude, but was prevented by her; she seated herself by his side on the shore, and prepared to listen to the recital of his adventures, which he gave in the following words:

“My name is Lisidor, I was born in Venice, my ancestors have been amongst the noblest of the country: scarcely had I attained my fifteenth year, when I fell deeply in love with a young lady. I need not say any thing in praise of her beauty, it is eulogium sufficient to say that she resembles you so much that I took you for her; her name was Polydora. Never did two love each other with more ardour: I loved and was beloved, and nothing was wanting to perfect our felicity but the approbation of our parents; I asked her of her father in marriage; would to Heaven I had not taken a step which has been my destruction; unfortunately for me, he was at the head of a party, which was opposed by another of which my father was the principal leader. The father of Polydora consulted only the gratification of his hatred, and rejected me with *hauteur* and contempt: his unkindness however made little impression upon me, as my dear Polydora was uninfluenced by her father’s resentment, and sought every opportunity of communicating with me, in order to arrange the means of removing every obstacle that stood in the way of our happiness. She had even appointed the hour when I was to gain access to her chamber, through the balcony, by the help of a ladder made of ropes; I kept my promise....having ascended to the top of the ladder, I made the signal, and was immediately admitted. A mistress is always alert upon these occasions; and to me she never appeared more lovely than at that moment; the fear of a discovery and a kind of timidity which she felt at seeing herself, for the first time, alone in company with a man, though conscious of the respect I entertained for her, seemed to have heightened the lustre of her charms. I availed myself of the precious moments which I was permitted to enjoy, and began by removing her apprehensions with respect to the propriety of the step she had taken; I informed her of the ill success of my application to her father. The firm-

ness with which she expressed herself in my favour, exceeded my expectations: “my dear Lisidor,” said she, “I will be your wife, and were I entitled to a crown, I would be proud of expressing the same sentiments in your favour; I have only to beseech of you to preserve the secret of our connection, till it shall please Heaven to furnish us with the means of accomplishing our wishes. Let me see you here every night to convince me of your constancy and to receive the assurances of my unalterable determination never to be united to any other man, and as a pledge of the sincerity of my promise, behold my hand.”

“I was returning her kindness with all the feelings of gratitude, when her brother, who suddenly knocked at the door, interrupted our interview, and threw us into the most extreme embarrassment. Her only resource was to conceal me under her bed, with my sword in my hand in case of any danger; she then opened the door for her brother, who exhibited some symptoms of displeasure as if he had met with something to disturb him, and requested Polydora to give him some trifle to amuse him. She recovered her courage, on hearing him speak thus, and was going to grant his request immediately, when he heard the sound of his father’s foot upon the stairs; the old man who was naturally of a warm temper, had heard his son, and went in search of him, who to avoid the sight of his father rushed upon his own destruction. He chose to conceal himself in the place where I lay, and on espying me, he began to cry out “Treason!” This exclamation put the whole house in motion, but before they could enter the chamber, I had pierced him with my sword. Polydora fainted away, and her weak state afflicted me more than all the dangers with which I was threaten’d. I nevertheless took courage, and whilst the father and servants were thundering at the door for admittance, I contrived to barricade it with the furniture of the room, and finding that Polydora from her present condition could not be removed with safety by the way I should be under the necessity of taking, I passed through the window, and let myself down by the ladder which was still attached to the balcony.

I am wholly unacquainted with the issue of this business, as I returned to my lodgings, only to furnish myself with some money, and to take along with me a faithful domestic, with whom I hastily embarked on board a vessel, which might carry me out of the Gulph.* We met with some gallees, which we unfortunately mistook for friends: I was made a prisoner and during three years have suffered the most inexpressible miseries. In this situation I should have still remained had we not been retaken by a Genoese vessel. Shortly after the capture, the restorer of my liberty was wrecked, and out of one hundred and fifty souls, as well sailors as prisoners which he had taken, only thirty of us were saved. The domestic whom I had taken with me is perhaps amongst the number of those who have been swallowed up by the waves. However, serious as my misfortunes have been, I feel myself fully recompensed for them, in the happiness of having excited your sympathy and compassion."

Scarcely had he finished the recital of his misfortunes, when Polydora, unable to refrain from expressing the feelings which agitated her bosom, burst into a flood of tears. Lisidor observed her state of anxiety, and though he had long since strongly suspected the cause of it, he earnestly besought her to inform him, why his recital had excited in her mind such strong symptoms of sensibility, requested the favour of knowing to whom he was indebted for so much kind compassion, and most earnestly entreated to be permitted to enter into her service, even in the humblest capacity.

Polydora could no longer contain herself; "Yes, my dear Lisidor, I weep with joy, at once more beholding you, and at the pleasure of being convinced from your recital, that you are still faithful to your vows. You see me no longer able to avoid acknowledging myself the same Polydora, whose misfortunes and constancy to her promises made to you, have been equal; believe me, I have never ceased to love you, to bewail your absence, and

to partake of your misfortunes. As you have recounted to me a part of the history of your distresses, I shall proceed to inform you of the circumstances which your sudden flight prevented you from being acquainted with."

"As soon as you had escaped from my chamber, where I lay in a state of insensibility, my father burst open the door with a noise, by which I was soon roused from my fit of torpor, to a sense of my miserable situation; and was obliged to listen to the bitter complaints and cutting reproaches of my father, on beholding his only son weltering in his blood. I, in my turn, began to utter such lamentable and piercing cries, and expressed myself in a manner so expressive of my despair, that my father would instantly have sacrificed me to his vengeance, had not the steward, who entered at this moment, hurried me from his presence, and moved with compassion at my deplorable situation, conveyed me to another apartment, where I remained three weeks. At the expiration of this period, my father, whose anger was somewhat abated, came to see me, and such were my terrors on beholding him, that it was with difficulty I could prevent myself from fainting; his whole conversation was on the severity of his fate; he appeared much depressed, and his whole appearance testified the deeply-rooted grief which had taken possession of his soul. He questioned me as to the extent of the connection that existed between us. I answered with courage, that you had never taken the slightest freedom, nor used the most trifling expression that transgressed the bounds of the strictest honour; as scarcely a moment had elapsed between your arrival in my chamber, and the entrance of my brother, whose unfortunate death put an immediate end to any designs you might have entertained. This account in some measure quieted his mind; he even apologized to me for the anger he formerly expressed, and the distress it had occasioned to me; he declared his resolution of pursuing you to Spain, whither he knew you had fled, and vowed that he would lead a wandering life till he had taken vengeance on you, for your designs

* Of Genoa, where the foregoing transaction occurred.

upon me, and the death of my brother. In making no opposition to his resolves, be assured, my dear Lisidor, I was not influenced by any motive but the sincerest love for you; I wished him to take me along with him, in hopes of once more beholding you, and in order to be enabled, if possible, to protect you against his rage. In a few days (which appeared an age to me) he disposed of all his affairs, and quickly arrived at Seville, where we in vain searched for you. I had an uncle at Cadiz. We proceeded thither to visit him, and were received with tenderness: he died about two years since, and as he had never married, he bequeathed his entire property to us. But all his treasures, and all the attentions which our friend was eager to pay to us, were incapable of satisfying my father and me, he was inconsolable at being baffled in his hopes of vengeance, and I, that I could not meet with you again, and again renew to you the gift of a heart eternally devoted to you. Since my wishes are accomplished, grant heaven, that those of my father, with respect to you, may never succeed; and now my dear Lisidor, we must devise some method of enjoying each other's society, without the knowledge of my father, until our hearts, already connected by the ties of mutual affection, shall be united still more closely by the sacred bands of marriage."

During this detail, Lisidor could scarcely restrain the feelings of gratitude with which he felt himself penetrated. After expressing his thanks to Polydora in the tenderest language, they proceeded to concert the means of seeing each other without encountering any hazards. He was pretty well skilled in the French language and understood the art of embroidering in perfection. He therefore determined to give himself out as a French embroiderer, to purchase a house and furnish it with the money presented to him by Polydora. She gave him the name of the street at the rear of her father's house, and bid him repair to the place at midnight, to determine still more particularly upon the measures which should be adopted, and not to leave him wholly unprovided, she took from her finger a diamond of immense value,

and putting it in his hand, instantly returned to the place where her carriage awaited her.

The evening was approaching, and Lisidor, after losing sight of Polydora, turned towards the city, and applied to a merchant to whom he recounted the history of his shipwreck; he told him that he had lost every article which he had on board, with the exception of the diamond, which, as it was a family jewel, he was unwilling to dispose of, and would therefore request his assistance in procuring a small sum of money upon it, till he could write to his connections and procure bills of exchange, and that in the mean time he would support himself by the labour of his hands, a situation which he conceived better suited than any other to the fallen state of his affairs.

The merchant, struck with the singular beauty of the diamond, and moved likewise with compassion for Lisidor (for his dress still retained proofs of the shipwreck) invited him to his house, and after supper, they fell into conversation. The merchant, who became every moment more and more charmed with his guest, whose manners plainly marked him as a person of rank, offered him his services, and even made a tender of a sum of money sufficient to establish him in his new occupation.

Lisidor, who was sensible that the offer was made from motives of the purest generosity, was induced to confide, under an oath of inviolable secrecy, to the merchant, his attachment to a lady of rank in the city; that from prudential motives he was under the necessity of concealing his birth and disguising himself under the character he proposed to assume, till some fortunate event might put it in his power to accomplish his wishes. He took care to conceal the name of the lady, and the merchant had promised to observe the most scrupulous silence. At night Lisidor could not commit himself to repose, till he had returned thanks to heaven for the many fortunate events which had occurred to him during the course of the day. He had been again blessed with the sight of his Polydora; he found her still faithful and alive to his misfortunes. In the merchant he pos-

essed a friend who had entered warmly into his interests, and who had even made him an offer of his purse in case of necessity.

Four days, and as many nights passed over before Lisidor betook himself to the place appointed by Polydora as the rendezvous. During this interval she felt the most extreme despair, and was unable to divine the cause of his tedious absence, and what added to her anxiety, she had no method of procuring information on the subject; a thousand thoughts came across her mind, one time she accused him of inconstancy, again of infidelity, or want of politeness. Prejudiced as she was in his favour, she could not avoid suspecting that some lady in Cadiz might have expressed for him the same tenderness which she herself felt, and had succeeded in detaching him from herself. She was at a loss to conjecture what prevented him from obeying her orders; for with mistresses it is usual to consider in the light of an absolute command, whatever directions they give to a lover, and a neglect in paying the most exact and minute attention to any of their desires is considered a crime of the greatest magnitude. But the anger and suspicions of Polydora were not of long duration. She was the first to defend him to herself; she began even again to bewail the distress and indignity in which he was involved, and the miseries he had the courage to encounter for her sake.

She passed the day without sleep, as she watched with impatience the approach of night, when she hoped again to enjoy his conversation. The night was spent without repose, as it passed without bringing with it the accomplishment of her wishes. To add to the anxiety of her mind, she had no person to whom she could with safety confide the secret of her connection with Lisidor: she could only find comfort in pouring forth torrents of tears. The absence of her lover however was not owing to any indifference on his part; it was at the request of his friend, the merchant, that Lisidor was restrained from quitting the house during the four or five days which he remained with him, for reasons which he did not think proper to explain to

him, but which he assured him were of the most serious importance. The obligations he lay under to the merchant prevented Lisidor from opposing his wishes, fearful also lest his expressing too much eagerness on the occasion might excite the curiosity of his friend, and the honour and safety of his mistress might by some chance or other be exposed to danger. He supported himself during the period of his confinement, with a conviction of the goodness of Polydora, who, whatever might be the occasion of his absence, would easily pardon a sacrifice made to one who might be of the most essential service to them in their future designs.

Polydora felt in some measure pleased at the unprovided state in which she encountered her lover; she had taken care through the means of a faithful person, to procure two rich dresses, the pockets of which she had filled with jewels and money to a considerable amount as a means of putting him in a condition to appear in a manner suitable to his rank. These she kept in readiness to present to him whenever she should see him. It was now the fourth night of her attendance at a latticed window, which looked into an unfrequented street, in hopes of seeing her beloved Lisidor. It happened that Mendo, the servant of whose loss his master, Lisidor, entertained little doubts, was saved in company with two others from the shipwreck, and after having, in some measure, recovered from the fatigues which they had suffered in the hut of a fisherman who had harboured them for three days, and supplied them with what clothes he could spare from his scanty wardrobe, they proceeded to Cadiz. On his arrival in the city, while pondering on his distressed situation, certain of the death of his master, and friendless in a foreign land, he was accosted by a stranger, who in a friendly manner, proposed to conduct him to the house of an acquaintance, and thus decoyed him to the unfrequented street where Polydora was watching for her lover. Scarcely had he arrived here, when his conductor with an air of authority, said, "Give me that cloak, I want it." The luckless valet, who had no great appetite

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for nocturnal broils, especially as he was without any hopes of assistance, replied very civilly, "Signor, if this be the case, pray accept of it, and may it serve you as well as it has done me, to whom it has been the only shelter from the severity of the weather." The guide disappeared instantly with the cloak, leaving the unhappy Mendo in the deepest affliction, at finding himself alone at such an hour, in a place with which he was totally unacquainted, and he began to give vent to his sorrows by uttering the most piteous sighs.

Polydora, ever watchful, heard the lamentable sounds of the unfortunate Mendo, and supposing them to proceed from Lisidor, began to make a noise. Mendo, on hearing her, resumed his courage. He had heard much of the extraordinary whims of fortune; he called to mind all he had ever heard of the success attending such as were willing to use stratagems on such occasions, and this determined him in making the most of the present occasion. He naturally conjectured that the noise he heard proceeded from some love-sick fair one, who was waiting impatiently the arrival of her lover. Full of this notion he advanced boldly to the lattice, and disguising his voice demanded of the unknown fair one, what she wished with him? Polydora replied, by asking, "Is it you, my dear?" "Yes, madam," replied Mendo. "And what," rejoined Polydora, "has prevented you from coming hither sooner?" "In truth," answered the naked valet, wishing to exhibit his taste for humour on the occasion, "my garments and I have been too busily employed drying ourselves." This answer tended completely to mislead Polydora. She was satisfied she was conversing with Lisidor, and instantly handed through the lattice the cloaths she had prepared, and delivered them to Mendo, with directions to let her see him dressed in them as soon as possible; "For you must be convinced," said she, "that my only enjoyment is your society, and your presence is all that is dear to me in this world."

Mendo, as he received the garments from Polydora reflected that the farce he was playing might, perhaps, be at-

tended with unpleasant consequences to himself, he therefore acknowledged to her, that he was not the person she supposed him to be, but a poor wretch who had been shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest, and that if she wished to present him with the garments, he would feel himself much obliged by her generosity; if not, that she need only say how she would wish him to dispose of them. This discourse threw Polydora into the most extreme perplexity; she was chagrined at hearing language of this kind, when she expected all that tenderness of affection could dictate; "did I not ask you," cried Polydora, "if your name was Lisidor?" "Yes madam," replied the valet, who soon resumed his courage, and conjectured that this must either be Polydora, or some other lady who had fallen in love with his master; he instantly quitted the place, and proceeded to the end of the street, where finding a monastery, he besought their hospitality, and recounted his disasters: his history excited their compassion, and they gave him a lodging for the remainder of the night.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ANTIQUE GOLD-EN ROD, LATELY FOUND NEAR BALLYCASTLE, COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

(Communicated by the Rev. L. A. Conolly, Ballycastle.)

WHEN various causes progressively tend to deprive a country of its annals, to depress its national character, and to erase the remembrance of its former importance, it is only by a contemplation of its architectural ruins, or by the casual discovery of such antiquities as declare the grandeur of other days, that a just opinion can be formed of what it once has been, and perhaps there is no country of Northern Europe, to which Ireland, when viewed in this light, yields a priority of rank; her castles, her monasteries, her circular towers, beautiful even in decay, evince the judgment and taste of their former possessors, and many a precious jewel has been found beneath their walls which has long survived the memory of the person it was intended to adorn,